

Quit you like men,
- be strong -

No. 10

Coming Events

THE CHIEF SECRETARY
(COLONEL MILLER)

Vancouver, Sunday, March 18 (Y.P. Council); Tuesday, March 20, Vancouver V; Thursday, March 23, Vancouver VI; Sat.-Mon., March 23-25, Victoria (Y.P. Council).
LT-COLONEL MCLEAN: Winnipeg Citadel, Sun.-Tues., Mar. 18-22.
LT-COLONEL SIMS: Vancouver, Sat.-Thurs., Mar. 17-22; Nanaimo, Fri., Mar. 23; Victoria, Sat.-Mon., Mar. 24-26; Winnipeg, Sat.-Mon., Mar. 31-Apr. 1.
LT-COLONEL DICKERSON: Vancouver, Sat.-Fri., Mar. 17-23; Victoria, Sat.-Mon., Mar. 24-28.

encouragement. Remarks on the subject of cartridge-paying were received with much interest, and the speaker, in reply, mentioned that the "War Cry" is keeping in the Coast. It is gratifying to record that after the Meeting a large number of Soldiers for the War Cry, to sell so many in the streets, and that the sum of one paper was left on the Captain's hands.—G.
(Now Danny, where are you?—Ed.)

MOOSE JAW

Mayor Dunn Presides over Lecture by
Salvationist Ex-Mayor

Adjutant Major Mervin Miller last weekend was with us with three Crusaders from Regina—Mr. Staff-Captain Tutte, Mrs. Envoy Middleton and Captain Murdie. Their presence was a blessing to us. They were well received. Mrs. Middleton and Captain Murdie helped us greatly. Mrs. Staff-Captain Tutte was enabled to deliver two stirring addresses, resulting in the largest audience ever gathered in Moose Jaw. We welcomed home Bandmaster Probert, who has been absent to the Coast for a time. We heard his experiences with keen enjoyment. The speakers were with us on Saturday night, but on Sunday our expectations of a good time were greatly surpassed, when the Meetings were led by Sergeant-Major Discraft of the Salvation Army. The speaker, though not an Open-Air in the mild "chonok" weather, which had affected hundreds of people for hours, was attended by a large crowd. The Sunday Evening Meeting following, was one of the best the writer has enjoyed for a long time, and night, we had a blessed Open-Air Meeting, in which the Sergeant-Major delivered a stirring address.

The Meeting on Monday night, however, proved to be one which displayed to advantage, the talents of the speaker. Sergeant-Major Discraft delivered his famous lecture "From Hellday to Mayor." He surely surpassed himself, and right from the start he held the crowd spellbound. He closed his address with a hearty "Amen." Dunn received a very fitting vote of thanks to the speaker of the evening. The Band contributed three tunes, "Near the Flag," "Rock Ferry," "Liverpool," and a solo, "I'm a Soldier." Mrs. Adjutant Miller, with her permitted her to come into our midst once again.—Rox

APOLOGIES! We are sorry that several interesting reports are held over. But we go to press on Wednesday, you know.



1880 — Walter Unwin, Age 56, medium complexion, fair hair and complexion, Native of Bitchling near Hassocks in Sussex, England. Is batchelor and rents.

Sister enquiring.

1901—Adolf Zimmerman, Born Nov. 19, 1882, in Tatschau, Wollin, Russia. Lived in England, in Wimborne, Dorset, England, very ill and worried.

1916—Hartley Groundwater. Last known to be in Wimborne in May 1921. Age 36, very dark complexion, height 5 ft. 7 in., has pronounced limp, crooked legs, will be to his advantage in communicating with his friends. Last seen in N.Y. who at present is very low. Address Hawke's Head, Lewisville, Westmoreland Co., N.J.

1923—Albert Shafe, Age 44; height 5 ft. 5 in., dark hair, blue eyes, medium complexion, Native of Wolverhampton, West of Cannock from Bathgate, Scotland, in 1913. Brother very anxious.

1923—Archie Kirk Towsley, Age 40, 5 ft. 10 in., tall, brown hair; now travel through America, Japan, China, and Japan between St. John River and Spirit River. Served overseas in Canadian Army. Anyone knowing his whereabouts write him brother, J. H. Towsley, Rockton, Sask.

RADIO NOTICE!

The Salvation Army Moose Jaw Band will be "on the air" on Monday, March 19th, from 8 to 9:30 p.m. (Mountain Time) Station CJRM—Moose Jaw—296.9.

THE WAR CRY



CRY

WILLIAM BOOTH,
Founder

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

BRAMWELL BOOTH
General

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
(1) Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS
517-519 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Man.

VOL. IX. No. 11. Price 5c.

Winnipeg, March 24, 1928

CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.

LOST IN THE QUICKSANDS

How Biddy Found Gain Through Loss

BIDDY had never thought of God as One who was in any way concerned with her life; nor had she ever considered herself as lacking in duty towards Him. True, in these later days, as she trudged through the cold, grey dawn, over the yielding cockle-beds, her thoughts often turned to the strange Salvation Army people who preached on the streets, and told

Stooping under the weight of her basket, Biddy was deep in thought, when, suddenly, she heard a cry from the bay behind her. Swinging round with cold fear clutching at her heart, she saw in the dim light that he was struggling in the grip of the quicksands, into which he had strayed when he thoughtlessly stepped off the path. The world appeared to be empty, save for the disappearing boy and his mother, and her screams rang unanswered along the shore.

Flinging her basket from her, Biddy cautiously reached towards the lad, the ground giving way beneath her feet, so that she was able to achieve only an insecure hold of him, and he sank lower and lower. In terrible desperation she searched with frantic

gaze for help, but there was hope of none, and when she looked down again—!

Biddy struggled to her feet, staring wildly at the smooth unbroken sand, which was now beginning to shine in the increasing daylight. Her boy was gone, swallowed by the quicksands of the cockle-bed which had given her life for so many years.



of a Jesus Who could save people from sin. But her meditations always ended with a shrug of the shoulders and an soliloquy: "It isn't for the likes of me."

Before the daylight's wan fingers could creep over the low hills, and touch with ghastly sheen the murmuring stretches of sand in the Estuary, Biddy and her sixteen-year-old son had shouldered their baskets, and sought the narrow path of safety across the treacherous sea-marsches.

Long years on that wind-swept shore had taught Biddy to entertain a great respect for the cockle-beds, and every morning she took the load over the road, invisible save for the staggering row of stakes which marked the way to the opposite shore. Her son followed in her footsteps.

And it was so now, as those two speechless figures crossed the sands, while the hills and sea seemed to slumber in the arms of the night, and from the wet beds came the infinitesimally small, shrill voices of their myriad inhabitants, heard between the squeaking of the fishers' footsteps.

The Quagmires of Sin

But there are other and more dangerous quicksands than those which fringe the great waters of the world, for the consequences of being caught in those to which we now refer are more cruelly irreparable.

In the vast quagmire of sin there are devilish patches, the horror of which can never be fully described. And they never fail of their victims.

Our public press parades a terrible toll, but how many are there amongst the readers who sense the sad sequence of destroyed hope, health, life, which is unceasingly portrayed.

How many are there who recognize this disaster, this destruction, this wicked wastage is all part of one Hell-inspired campaign against righteousness and against God?

Who is there, that, recognizing the cursed onslaught, will offer himself or herself to fight against evil? Let us first be sure that sin is defeated in ourselves. God will help every sincere seeker to be free from sin. Then let us devote ourselves to the rescue of the individual sinner. God will help in this also, if but grace is sought from above. Who believes this?

WHO WILL ANSWER THE CALL

Then, crushing in upon her numbed mind, like the echo of some long-forgotten prophecy, came the words as plainly as if spoken by a fellow-traveller across the dreary scene:

"This may be turned to your good. Get saved to-night!"

Back to the town with the dreadful news, into the company of women who wept and of men whose moist eyes shone with mute sympathy; but Biddy found no consolation. A consuming desire to enter The Army Hall possessed her. When at length she found herself kneeling at the Penitent-Form, opening her heart before God, a great peace swept into her soul, so that the neighbors wondered why she bore so lightly the marks of her great tragedy.

To-day she is a fighting Soldier, and her other son stands with her in The Army Open-Air Meeting. Their hearts are sad when they hear the wind moan over the unmarked grave in the yellow sands, but Biddy knows that God is good and she declares that He was all the time seeking to bring her to a knowledge of Salvation.



Sunday, Proverbs 14: 18-35. "The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life." Human fears are many and varied. Some, we term "wholesome," as they tend to protect and keep us from harm. The greatest of all these safeguards from life's snares and pitfalls is "the fear of the Lord." This no craven or slavish dread, but like the fear of a dutiful child, wary of grieving a wise and loving parent.

Monday, Proverbs 15: 1-12. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." Some people despise gentleness and meekness, and think they show a cowardly spirit. They forget it is easy to meet temper and bluster in the same way, but ability to return "a soft answer" is only acquired through discipline and strong self control. Let us crave to be like Him Who, "when He was reviled, reviled not again; when He suffered it threatened not."

Tuesday, Proverbs 15: 12-22. "He that is of mercy heart hath a continual feast." In the early days The Army was noted for its happy religion. People came to the Meetings expecting a joyful spirit, and they were not disappointed. In spite of little money, scanty fare, and real hardships the first Salvationists had "a continual feast," for they lived above circumstances. Shall we, whose lot is so much easier, be content to fall below their standard?

Wednesday, Proverbs 15: 23-33. "The thoughts of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord." How careful we should be as to our thoughts! If we but realize that they are all known to the God of Holiness and Truth. Unkind, untrue, unclean, unworthy thoughts grieve Him and bring upon us His displeasure. Only as we commit our minds to the Holy Spirit's keeping, are we enabled always to think that which is "true, pure, lovely, and of good report."

Thursday, Numbers 4: 1-15. "The service of the sons of Kohath." We learn from this portion that nothing is little in God's sight. He is interested even in the way we pack and put away things. Our motive, and how we act, as well as the work itself, are important. Remember this as you go about your duties today. Life will have a new meaning for you if you seek to "do all to the glory of God."

Friday, Numbers 6: 1-8; 22-27. "The Lord . . . give thee peace." Peace is the Saviour's own gift. The angels who heralded His coming sang "Peace on earth," and when leaving His disciples the Master said, "Peace I leave with you." Are you restless and troubled? Claim this wonderful gift, part with what robs you of it, and the "peace which passeth all understanding" will guard and fill your soul.

Saturday, Numbers 9: 15-23. "At the commandment of the Lord they rested . . . and at the commandment of the Lord they journeyed." Some people fret because they have to stay a long time in one place, and others complain because they have to be continually changing. But they are safe and happy who order their "goings-out" and "comings-in" according to the will of a loving Heavenly Father.

"Waters in the desert rise, Manna feeds them from the skies."

TRUTH TABLOIDS

"I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."—David.

However few or how many our faults, the great thing is to be constantly conquering them, continually growing better.

There is no such thing as standing still in this world. Each soul is either a little stronger or a little weaker, a little nobler or a little less noble, a little more self-reliant or a little more dependent to-day than it was yesterday.

2. L.O. CALLING--- and all the British Isles Listening In!

The General's Broadcast Message— Is it a message to you?

By Mrs. Staff-Captain Beckett

So popular has The Army's Annual Broadcasting Service become that, by special request, stations in all parts of Britain this year took the programme from London's scratch fish-pal, Fish Collins, Welsh miners (for whom the service holds special interest), Channel Islanders, attended the largest Salvation Army Meeting ever held. Travellers homeward bound felt a welcome in the familiar sound of The Army Band, whilst those en route for far off fields gained inspiration and courage from the words of Colonel Orsborn's prayer: "Lift us beyond the bounds of kin and coast, draw them that be, and let us share in Thy vision." Even that lonely lighthouse where the three inhabitants have for weeks been cut off from the mainland by storms, rang with the music of:

Jesus, the name high over all

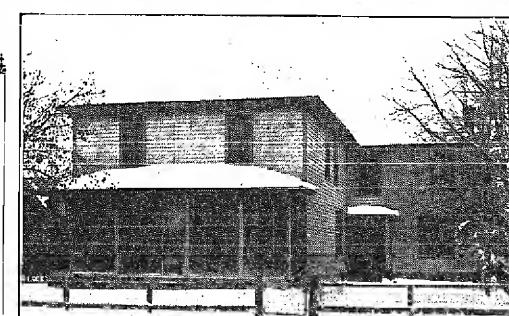
In hell or earth or sky.

The service this year was unique in that it was the second time within a week that the voice of The Salvation Army had been heard over the air. Only days earlier, part of the programme of the Composers' Festival, presided over by the Duke and Duchess of York, had been sent out on the waves of sound.

Typically Army

The whole service was typically "Army" and breathed red-hot "Salvationism" from beginning to end. The instrumental music was supplied by the International Staff Band (Meditation "Hawser"), and the vocal music by the Salvation Singers, under the leadership of Lieut.-Colonel Goldsmith. A quartette of Welsh miners from Abertillery sang with the sweetness and fervor characteristic of that country. "Hark! the voice of Jesus calling." Mrs. Major Sansom, lately returned from China, read the Scriptures. A marvellous magic carpet was presented to the listening millions by Lieut.-Colonel Anbai (Mellwraith), for it transported them to India where they saw her and her comrades of the pioneer party tramping from village to village, leaving a trail of hope and healing as they went, sleeping under coconut palms with a heap of sam? for a pillow, nursing the poor through cholera or smallpox epidemics, saving thousands of lives for service in God's Kingdom during the terrible famines. "I said the Colonel, "I was not lonely, for God was with me; I felt no pain, for the service was for Him."

Then came the voice of The General, and if ever television was described, it was while he was speaking. Many great speakers confess to a feeling of strain and nervousness when, instead of the inspiring upturned faces of a sympathetic audience, the great hall of the Royal Albert Hall was before them. The General's voice, however, was a voice of power, of command, of inspiration. The world endureth for ever. Thine is a living word. Those who knowest us altogether and carest for us so well, speak to us whenever we are, and whatever our need may be, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."



CALGARY EVENTIDE HOME
A good work is being done by The Army at the above Eventide Home for Aged People in Calgary. Adjutant and Mrs. Kerr are the Officers in charge of the Institution.

MINE DISASTER AT TIMMINS, ONT.

The Army's Ministry of Comfort

THE recent dreadful mine disaster at the flourishing town of Timmins, Ont., has stirred many of us out West, and we feel sure that our readers will be glad to know that the comrades of The Army were early at work dealing with the tragic circumstances thus created.

The Toronto "War Cry" says:

"As soon as the alarm was received, Ensign Bond lost no time in hurrying to the scene of the tragedy, his uniform being an effective passport to the mining area, which was a concession denied to the ordinary citizen. On the Friday, Saturday and Sunday following the disaster the Ensign spent hours at the shaft, shouting by ready to assist in whatever emergency he could. He placed himself at the unreserved disposal of mine officials and of Mayor Longmore, who, it may be said, has distinguished himself by his unremitting toil on behalf of the rescued and the bereaved.

"Since the occurrence, Ensign and Mrs. Bond, and also Lieutenant Ells, have spent much time dispensing that ministry of comfort which is so essential at such a time—a ministry which has been as gratefully received as graciously given.

"The town is stunned by the tragedy and has scarcely realized the enormity of the holocaust which snuffed the lives of thirty-nine hardy, red-blooded sons, toted twenty-five homes and made one hundred children fatherless."

A "War Cry" representative says:

"We called at the home of one victim.

The bereaved woman is a Pole, and speaks broken English with difficulty. Through a young daughter we conveyed our deep regret for her misfortune, which she gratefully acknowledged. Our inquiries as to the woman's needs elicited the information that she is in no immediate great need. We informed her that The Army would willingly render assistance if necessary. Although a little reluctance was shown when we offered to pray, consent was given, and we brought the blessing of the Almighty upon the sorrowing home.

"Our next call was at the home of one who performed the role of hero in the disaster—Zolob, by name. We talked with Mrs. Zolob, who, like the majority of her race, took the fact of her husband's rescue from the brink of death quite stoically. It was interesting to learn that two of the Zolob children attend The Army Company Meeting."

In this town of sorrow The Army's presence has been a balm indeed, and we pray that it may continue to be so.

VICTORY WINNING IN VIENNA

Crowds Storm Salvationists for "War Crys"

We learn, according to a report just to hand, that the Corps in Vienna which at present is The Army's only centre of operations in Austria, is making good progress. The Home League has recently been inaugurated, and a special campaign was announced concerning which the Press made reference and public interest was aroused. According to Mrs. Dr. Hilly, a much esteemed Sergeant of the Corps, when our comrades reached the Open-Air stand, they found an audience of upwards of a thousand people awaiting them and so great was the interest created that at the conclusion of the meeting they were "stormed" for copies of the "War Cry," and many questions were put to them concerning the work of The Salvation Army.

It was the writer's privilege not long time ago to visit Vienna and he then saw the first Army Flag to be hoisted in Austria. Though "home-made," it was a very presentable flag indeed, and every stitch of it had been stitched in love and faith in the hope that the time would come when Meetings would be regularly held in the Austrian Capital. Already the stitches have been more than fulfilled as the above mentioned facts indicate.

Merely to make a living is a very low ambition. We are here for something much higher than that. We are here to make a life that is immortal, to gain treasures to carry with us into the world eternal.



Staff-Captain Steele, Divisional Commander for the Manitoba and North-West Ontario Division.

ALL through Thursday last we had been thinking of the weather conditions, and our occasional glances on the outside world—from the Editorial Ben one gets a splendid "backward look"—had prompted our un-faith rather than our faith. We really could not visualize a great crowd at the final Crusade Rally.

Fortunately, when the end had come, we started out in good time, and so did manage to get a decent kind of a seat, otherwise we should have been relegated to some back row in the gallery or away back on the "seit of the scoria." The Citadel was full with a bubbling-over crowd, and as we pushed our way in the Cadets were "hurting."

WETASKIWIN

AT the termination of the busy and fruitful Young People's Councils in Edmonton Commissioner and Mrs. Rich left Alberta's Capital City by car for Wetaskiwin where they were programmed to conduct a Meeting in the United Church. The party included Lt.-Colonel Sims, Territorial Y.P. Secretary, Staff-Captain Merritt, Divisional Commander, and also Captains Collier and Bamsey.

An unfortunate blow-out of a tire which occurred on the road necessitated some delay and not a little discomfort to the party owing to the cold weather, but a late arrival at Wetaskiwin was compensated by the hearty welcome which the travellers received from the expectant crowd gathered in front of the church. His Worship Dr. May presided over the Meeting and in greeting our Leaders on behalf of the citizens referred in high terms of praise to The Army and its work. Major Gurnethers (Divisional Commander for Northern B.C. and Alaska) and Adjutant Waterston (Calgary Men's Social) were mentioned by the speaker as splendid products of the Wetaskiwin Corps.

Mrs. Rich's Bible reading was spiritual impetus and was much enjoyed also was a cornet duet by Captains Collier and Bamsey, and the Commissioner's subsequent lecture on The Army's activities gripped the listener in its spell. It was a much sadder thing that the gathering closed with five seekers having responded to our Leader's eloquent ap-

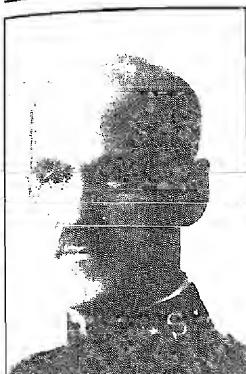
peal.

Lt.-Colonel Sims and Staff-Captain Merritt were well to the front during the evening in supporting our Leaders, the latter using his musical abilities to good advantage. All were cheered to learn that the converts of The Crusade were taking their stand by the Officers, Captains Young and Lieut. Patrick, and that the condition of the Corps was the best years.

KERROBERT

Leaving Wetaskiwin at midnight the Commissioner journeyed on alone to Kerrobert where he arrived, without feeling the tiring effects

DISASTER AT TIMMINS, ONT.
... Ministry of Comfort
... dreadful mine disaster at
... Timmins, Ontario, has
... many of us out West,
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... early at work dealing with the
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... onto "War Cry" says:



Staff-Captain Steele, Divisional Commander for the Manitoba and North-West Ontario Division.

... as the alarm was received,
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A town of sorrow. The Army's
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VI WINNING IN VIENNA
... Salvationists for "War
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... make a living is a very low
... We are here for something
... than that. We are here to
... that is immortal, to gain
... carry with us into the world

Winnipeg Celebrates the General's Birthday

The Chief Secretary, Colonel Miller, Conducts the Crusade Swearing-in

forth—we think that word fits their hundreds of new comrades under our

Flag. "Old Mother Country, we're coming along in your grand old footsteps; we're 'ships of the old block; no, no—we're children of the same breed."

Then, there followed brief and characteristic addresses from Brigadier and Lt.-Colonel Dickerson, as representing the Social Departments and their victories.

Then the Editor had his quiet little say.

The Citadel Band played, and played

some old-time tunes as though they were

the latest selections.

Mrs. Colonel Miller had already read

to us from that mighty charge of Paul's

"Put on the whole armour of God,"

and in her kindly, helpful manner had

made of those words an up-to-date mes-

sage for the new comrades, who, we

were, listening and understanding

it was for them.

The Colonel's happily illustrated

"Cleaning of the Flag," was distinctly

refreshing in these days when we all

think we know so much. Even the flag-staff was symbolised for us, and now

he told us its own meaning. And then the New

Comrades stood to their feet, and with

flags waving o'erhead, and alongside,

they made an impressive and heart-

moving picture. The Glory of the

Weeks—we thought them. Those "Open-

Air Stunts," as you called them; those

club-beaters along Main Street; those

visitations out at St. James; those prayers

over at Elmwood and Fort Rouge;

Salvation scenes on Logan, all culminating

in the possessive glory of these Swearing-

in proceedings, as depicted on the smiling

faces of the various Corps Officers.

The Chief Secretary administered the words of allegiance, and pronounced the prayer of acceptance and consecration, and then there began a procession across the platform, when every new comrade was decorated with the colours of The Army. Young and old they came shyly at first, but proudly they stepped along after receiving their badge, and we blessed them all in the Name of the Lord.

In a few terse and well-chosen words Staff-Captain Steele accepted our comrades into the ranks, and paid tribute to the loyal co-operation of the Manitoba Officers and Soldiers during the Crusade, and then testimonies, until we thought they never would cease, one after the other.

The New Comrades Testify

First the comrade from the Netherlands, who told us in his halting English how his mother prayed that his coming to Canada might mean his coming to God. The girl who turned her testimony into an impassioned appeal; the ladie who just managed to lisp "I thank God"; the "Man from Ft. William" who had had the happiest month of his life.

Hand-clapping seemed banal after that, and we did wish, we *really* did wish, that the old time volleys could be substituted. Clapping is good enough for politics, but not for Salvation! Can't we say "Amen?"

But it was all over and we were outside at last; out into the two feet-deep snow; out into the "good-byes" were being said on the side-walk, and where folks will stand in the doorway so that one cannot get home in time. But as we ran for the street car the men Cadets were forming up in marching order, and singing justly:

"For it washes white as snow,
The precious Blood of Jesus—
It washes white as snow."

And we knew it did; we know it does. The precious Blood of Jesus still washes white as snow and sinners are returning home to God.

crowd gathered for the Young People's Annual. Staff-Captain Merritt piloted the evening's proceedings and Lt.-Colonel Sims addressed the audience. Mrs. Rich, to the pleasure of the recipients, presented the attendance prizes to thirty happy young folks.

INNISFAIL

Next day Mrs. Commissioner Rich was met at her next stop, Innisfail, by the Corps Officers, Captain McKay and Lieut. Morrison, who had an encouraging report of progress to give. In the afternoon Lt.-Colonel Sims and Staff-Captain Merritt met a packed Hall of children and it goes without saying that all concerned had a good time.

An Open-Air held in zero weather preceded the Meeting at night when a large crowd met in the Hall. On behalf of the comrades the Staff-Captain spoke words of welcome and Mrs. Rich responded in addition to her thanks giving a brief but inspiring account of The Army's high aims and ideals. Captain McKay and Lieut. Morrison sang a helpful duet, the Staff-Captain charmed the audience with a concerto solo and the Colonel gave a stirring testimony.

A Joyous Close

Mrs. Rich's Bible address was very powerful and convincing and a means of blessing to all. In the Prayer-Meeting which followed a man volunteered to the Mercy-Seat and the Meeting was brought to a joyous close, the Comrades expressing the hope that Mrs. Rich would be welcomed by the Commissioner on the next visit.

Even after the Meeting closed Mrs. Rich persisted in dealing with a man and wife down whose cheeks tears were streaming. Our Leader's efforts were not in vain, for about eleven p.m. the two were on the knees seeking God. Great rejoicing followed and physical tiredness was forgotten in the joy of victory.

Innisfail under its Officers is making splendid progress and souls are being saved. The visit of Mrs. Rich proved to be a splendid impetus to the work of the Corps.—E.S.

"In Journeyings Oft"

Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Rich take Separate Trails Through Alberta

the past several days' strenuous engagements. Our Leader, however, was full of fight and entered with zest into the duties of the day. Major Gosling, the Divisional Commander, espoused a warm welcome at night in the church and was heartily seconded in this by one of the local ministers.

An inspiring Meeting followed and the splendid crowd present listened with close attention to the Commissioner's enlightening address. Many without doubt, received a new vision of God and of The Army that night and the gathering was brought to an impressive close. Captain A. Weeks and Lieut. Carse are the Officers at this Corps.

MOOSE JAW

Early next morning the train bore our Leader on to Moose Jaw where he filled an engagement at the United Farmers' Convention, a large and important gathering held annually in that City. Seven hundred delegates received the visitor with evident pleasure and voiced their appreciation in an uncertain manner at the conclusion of his stirring address on the wide-world operations of The Army.

RED DEER

In the meantime Mrs. Commissioner Rich, on leaving Wetaskiwin, journeyed to Red Deer where, in spite of severe weather conditions, a large

CANDIDATES' DAY, SUNDAY APRIL 1st

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH YOUR LIFE?

YOU have often met with this question, but probably have given it very little serious thought. Will you, for three uninterrupted minutes, consider the question—seriously—prayerfully—remembering that Life is something for which you will be required to GIVE ACCOUNT TO GOD—whether you are saved or misused?

DOES it appear to you to be a purpose worthy of so precious a gift as Life to spend it on having a good time merely—making money or securing worldly possessions that soon will all be left behind?

GOD wants men and women who WILL LIVE FOR HIM to make known His love and power and His purposes for mankind: The Salvation Army offers unsurpassed opportunities to the fully consecrated, for the blessing of the world and for the proclamation of the message of Salvation.

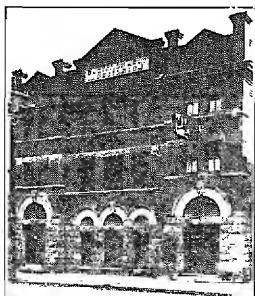
Application should be made to Lt.-Commissioner Rich, 317 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Man. Information will be supplied by any Army Officer.

KERROBERT

Leaving Wetaskiwin at midnight the Commissioner journeyed on alone to Kerrobert where he arrived, not without feeling the tiring effects of

BUT for the fact that it is all fact, and not a word of romance in it—the record of the achievements of The Salvation Army in the City of Calgary might well be termed religious romance.

Of course I speak as a citizen of this "no mean city," and so I permit myself to say that no spot in the whole of Western Canada is more in the limelight than Calgary. It was so on that memorable day in August, 1887, when Lieutenant Patterson and Cadet Iverach stood in front of the old Royal Hotel on Stephen Avenue, and the Cadet fired the first shot in the battle for souls which is still proceeding. Record upon record has



Calgary's fine Citadel on First Street

been broken, and so we have come along right up to this present year of grace.

Peoples of all Nationalities

The crowds of those early days were made up of cow-boys, half-breeds, full-blooded Indian peoples of all nationalities, and from every walk of life. Cow Town, as we were then known, was ready for The Army, and from the first eager throngs listened to our message and followed the processions to the Hall. We do wish, and we have pleaded with him so earnestly, that the inexorable Editor would give us space for the names of some of those who fought with The Army in those far off days; names that ought to be handed down to posterity. But he allows us space to say that one of them, Charlie Jackson, still survives on the Corps roll. Others got cold feet, some moved away, some passed over to their reward—but their names we treasure in our hearts.

The First Officers

The first Officers to arrive in our midst were those whom we have named—sent to us from the Western Headquarters at Lieutenant Kadey—now Mrs. Charlie

Salvationism in Calgary

By Envoy W. H. Hawley

Jackson; Ensign Taylor—now Mrs. Comdt. Richardson; Staff-Captain and Mrs. Coombs—our glorified Colonel and his dear partner; and a later days—Adjutant John Merritt; Adjutant and Mrs. J. Merritt; Adjutant and Mrs. Blunt; Adjutant and Mrs. Hamilton; Captain and Mrs. Bramwell Collier; and now, not the least in a splendid succession—Adjutant and Mrs. Juncker.

Notable Captures

Do we not wish we had time and space for the record of some of the notable captures of the early days. George Seabury, how well remembered he is, a notorious hotel keeper, saved under Mrs. Major Creighton, and now in Glory. Teddie Frost, who was a unique character; it was said of him that he could outlast and outlive two men of the construction gang on the Calgary and Edmonton Railway.

And when all we say of the long succession of Local Officers, of whom some remain until this present. And of the Band—first started in 1893—with six players—a notable combination, adding much to musical wonderment of the fast growing city.

Then will the Editor spare us space to enthuse for a few lines concerning our Junior Corps? First formed in 1901 with twelve children, and now—is it not—the foremost Y.P. Corps of the Territory.

Ventilation Necessary

This young branch first met in the old Hall, but soon it became necessary to look for larger quarters, and old-timers tell of the Sunday mornings when it was necessary to open all the windows of the room, and fumigate it thoroughly, for it was the upstairs floor of the Liquor Control Store, and the fumes of the liquor were so strong that early coming and ventilation were necessary.

One would imagine that it was some time in such a rapidly growing city as Calgary before settled accommodation was discovered. The first Meetings were held in the Boynton Hall, on Stephen Avenue. Thence a move was made to a site on Seventh Avenue; back again to Eighth Avenue. Then to a frame building near where we are now, and then a building of our own. This proved too small, and the present magnificent Auditorium was built in 1909; and the now all-too-small Y.P. Annex in 1920. Every square inch of space is used to overflowing

capable Matron. What a list of warm and earnest friends this word has secured in past days, and what a warm-hearted band of Medics and others are laboring with it and for it to-day. Let it be said—the Hospital is the last word in efficiency.

We are almost breathless in our efforts to compete with the Editor in time and space, but who is in the record of altruistic work for the Salvation of the lost, and the saving of the weak and erring. The Army will continue to hold a place on the top in Calgary, fair City of the Foothills? (Let it be put on record that we in the Editorial Department have no such doubts.—Ed.)

A Happy Force

A further extension in keeping with the ever widening scope of the City was made in 1915, when Corps Number 3 was formed, with Captain Bonjor—Mrs. Adjutant Acton—in command. In spite of adverse more than usual, and difficulties in regard to locations, etc., this valiant Corps has fought ahead, until to-day there is a happy force in existence under the manly control of Captain Watt and Lieutenant Lipp.

I hope the Editor will be good enough to let me say that it is his hand which has removed the "ancient landmarks" from this part of my article. A goodly crowd of old and tried fighters—Officers and Soldiers of No. 2 and No. 3, were on my list. (Go on! lay it on! Ed.)

And now what shall we say of the other activities of the Blood and Fire in the City? Of the Industrial Department located on Ninth Avenue East—

our efforts to compete with the Editor in time and space, but who is in the record of altruistic work for the Salvation of the lost, and the saving of the weak and erring. The Army will continue to hold a place on the top in Calgary, fair City of the Foothills? (Let it be put on record that we in the Editorial Department have no such doubts.—Ed.)

Happenings Up-to-date at the Calgary Citadel Corps

The visit of Corps Sergeant-Major Dinsdale from Brandon on Sunday last (reported in our last issue) and which resulted in a harvest of forty-seven seekers was a real stir-up for the Calgary Citadel Corps, and will long be remembered. It is interesting to note that the Sergeant-Major gave his inspiring lecture on the Saturday night and this was presided over by His Worship Mayor Turner Bone.

Monday night was another great night when the Calgary Citadel Band gave a first-class Musical Festival in aid of the Cenotaph Fund. A large crowd thoroughly enjoyed the Festival from start to finish and showed

Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor Conduct Forty-Second Band Annual at Winnipeg Citadel

WE would give much, says J.R.W., to be able to convey to the Bandsmen of the Territory even the smallest comprehension of what the Band Annual means to us.

We wish we could impart the thrill that electrified us on Saturday night when we heard the Field Sermon say, as we went into the Prayer-Meeting. "Two-thousand are at the Mercy-Seat! Who will be?"

Was it not natural that the words of the Founder should flash into our minds— "Soul-saving music is the music for me." We offered our thanks that the music of our first Meeting had done more than "tickle the ear," it had brought some seeking ones to Him.

A very ambitious programme had been arranged for the weekend; Saturday night a tip-top festival, and on Monday night of the latest Festival Numbers just received from London.

As our Leader remarked at the onset, the purpose of the Event was "not a display of musical efficiency—not a desire to occupy the limelight for four or five Meetings, but to help draw men nigh to God that He may draw nigh to them." Truths which received ready secound in the hearts of each Bandsman present.

Sunday morning was indeed a fulfilment of this desire. Mrs. Taylor's choice singing came as a Breath of God to us, and the Brigadier's reminder as to our duty in regard to the light of God was more than timely—it was tense.

During the afternoon festival, with a splendid audience, the Band responded nobly in music and song. "Two Tales" told by "Two Talebearers"—Adjutant Acton and Sgt. Muir—were just the sort of gems that Bandsmen most do treasure. They told how they had been attracted by the sound of the self-same drum now played by the present Citadel drummer, and how the invitation resulted in their finding the Saviour.

"Modern inventions and present day achievements in the fields of science and exploration leave us standing aghast," the Brigadier told us in the Salvation Meeting at night. And then in eloquent but simple terms, he went on to speak of the great Broadcaster, and of us—the listeners. Three expressed their desire to "tune in" and five others expressed their desire for prayer, before the benediction was pronounced.

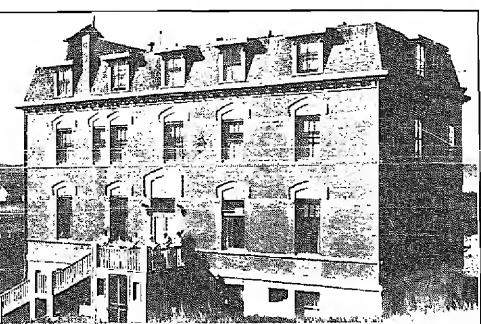
And J.R.W. puts it, all radio "fans" are agreed that one cannot enjoy the sweet music of a symphony orchestra from station W.C. while station N.Y.Z. is sending out a bad eye over the same wavelength. All these seeking comrades determined to shut out all things else, and listen in only to station HEAVEN, where God is the great Broadcaster.

The audience of Monday night was an enthusiastic, one, and inspired in their approach to the efforts of Band, Singers, and musicians, etc. Once more the Field Sermon and Mrs. Taylor exhorted their strength and advanced them in religious activities with unwavering fervor and zest. The great blessing and my own whole had been in their audience throughout the weekend.

SECRETANT STEWART CELEBRATES BIRTHDAY IN JAIL (By Wire)

Four meetings were conducted in Edmonton on Sunday last including a service at the Fort Saskatchewan Jail. Result—more than twenty-one souls for the day which was truly one of great blessing and a fitting celebration of the Adj'tant's birthday.—R.C.T.

Come ye dissolute where'er ye languish,
Come to the Mercy-Seat, fervently kneel,
Here bring your wounded hearts,
Here tell your anguish,
Earth hath no sorrow, that Christ cannot heal.



The Calgary Grace—an Institution of magnificent worth to the community
the keenest appreciation of the efforts
put forth.

In connection with the recent Salvation Crusade we must place on record the splendidly enthusiastic efforts put forth by all branches of the Corps, from the young people to grey-haired veteran warriors. The fighting qualities of our comrades were vigorously tested by the enemy of souls, but the harder the conflict the greater the energy displayed. It was with no small satisfaction and giving of thanks to God that we witnessed on Sunday afternoon the enrolment by Adjutant Junker, our Corps Officer, of twenty young Converts under the glorious Blood-and-Fire Flag of The Salvation Army. May God keep them true and may they in turn be the means of winning many souls for the Master's diadem.

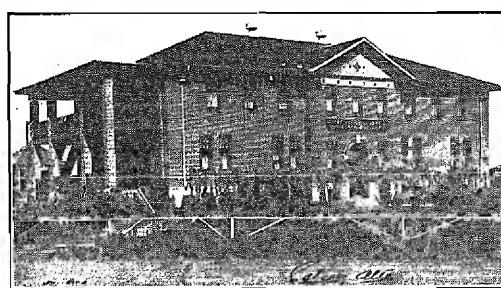
A Fine Children's Home
What about the Children's Home away on the heights of Killarney, where Comdt. Richardson and Mrs. Mustard hold parent sway? Originally an adjunct of the Rescue Home, the growth goes so much that in 1910 it was necessary to rent separate accommodation. The present fine building was erected as a Booth Memorial Home in 1922; the land for the building being donated by our good comrade, Charlie Jackson.

Then the Eventide Home—our latest development, where on Eleventh Avenue East, Adjutant and Mrs. Kerr and their earnest assistants, care for bed-ridden old folks, and soothe and comfort their troubled Eventide, making it "light indeed."

No, we had not forgotten the Maternity Hospital—our Calgary "Grace." The first Home, then for rescue cases only, was in a rented building on Eleventh Avenue East, where the Eventide Home is now located; the building being afterwards purchased by The Army.

It is a classic by now that the Officer in charge during those first days had to advance the rental of the Home out of her own pocket.

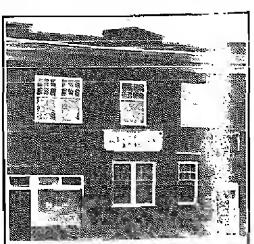
Warm and Earnest Friends
But now the Hospital has emerged from these lowly but brave beginnings, and in the building formerly known as the "Bishop Pinkham College," we have located our up-to-date Grace (Maternity) Hospital, with Adjutant C. Knott as the



The Children's Home on the heights of Killarney.

Winnipeg—together with Captain Mercer. It is with infinite pains we have compiled a list of the successive Officers in command of the old Number One Corps, but again the Editor puts his foot down. If it were not for a friendship, which has lasted over a space of years, we would proceed to veritable abuse—but Editors are Editors! (As we know to our infinite sorrow, Broth-er Hawley—Ed.)

But we must put on record, we really must, the names of some of the splendid warriors. Captain Rempic—who became Mrs. Brigadier Alex Crichton; Captain Lowry, now Mrs. Major Creighton.



The Men's Hostel and Industrial Store on Ninth Avenue

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Winnipeg, March 16th

As we write these Notes the Commissioner is in Vancouver, dealing with some matters of Territorial importance. We hope to see him back at T.H.Q. on Monday or Tuesday next, and trust that he will be none the worse for the long and arduous campaign he will then have completed.

Colonel Miller, the Chief Secretary, has left for the Young People's Councils in Vancouver and Victoria; look out for special "Cry" reports from "Our Special Correspondent at the Front."

Two years ago Manitoba closed its Drinking Saloons; yesterday they opened again. Once more the forces of Evil and Sin have an apparent triumph, but we remind ourselves that "The Mills of God grind slow, they grind exceeding small." Anyway, here's a fine field of attack for real Blood and Fire Salvationism.

The Commissioner says that the Easter "War Cry" is a beauty, and he ought to know.

Editorial and comradely congratulations to Brigadier Rhoda, of the Chicago "Cry" on his recent promotion; "all one body we." Congratulations also to Colonel Agnew, Men's Social Secretary in Chicago, on his promotion. He was once numbered among the faithful.

We advise you to get a copy—*buy* one, we mean—of this week's "Young Soldier"; a special Bible Number, and some really informative and good stuff therein. Sorry it's only a tract on "T.S." but you can get off your high horse for once.

Brigadier Smith, the Trade Secretary, is ready at all times to attend to any complaints which reach his department, but compliments do not by any means come amiss. Regarding a shipment of goods recently received by Adjutant Jessie Reader, Drum-major, this comrade writes as follows: "The Bandsman's uniforms ordered were received O.K. They are a perfect fit and everyone is satisfied—in fact the Bandsmen are delighted.

An interesting event took place on Sunday evening last, when the Band of the Saint James Citadel visited the Martin Avenue United Church, Elmwood. We hear that the building was crowded. The service was conducted throughout and a special address given by Ensign Ede, so that one will understand it was a real Army affair.

We welcome to T.H.Q. Ensign E. Peterson, of the Training Garrison, who has been appointed to the Chief Secretary's office. Glad to see you, Ensign.

Our report pages are interesting reading these days. Lt.-Colonel McLean is certainly on the war-path in his own original fighting manner. We were also glad to hear of Lt.-Colonel Phillips' recent public activities in Vancouver. God bless our veterans.

Mrs. Ensign Capon, of Saskatoon I, is a temporary resident at Grace Hospital, where she is undergoing special treatment; we have no doubt she will benefit thereby.

Latest news about our other Host-
pital residents is good; Staff-Captain
Dray and Ensign Harrington are doing
well. We understand that the latter comrade is already thinking of
undertaking a gymnastic course.

We extend our sincere sympathy to
Sister Mrs. Cairns, and the comrades of
Ft. Rouge, in connection with the
death of the son of our Sister. He was
accidently killed under tragic
circumstances on the C.N.R. Depot
tracks on Tuesday last.

An old covenanter who ruled his
household with a rod of iron is said
to have prayed in all sincerity at
family worship: "O Lord, have a care
of Bob for he is on the great deep;
and Thou holdest it in the hollow of
Thy hand. And have a care of Jamie,
for he has gone to fight the enemies
of his country, an' the outcome of the
battle is wif Thee. But Ye needna
fash Yersel' wif wee Willie, for I have
laid him here, an' I'm cawpable o' lookin'
after him myself!"

The Smiling Salvationist Is a Blessing to Jew and Gentle Alike

In the market, the salesmen called at
sight of our uniform to know whether we
were going to hold a Meeting, and to
Jew and Gentle, child of the Church or
the one who had no use for either Church
or religion, the already wavy in season
couple, bravely attired in national dress,
came in with words of greeting and they
took much pleasure in showing the
Salvationists their picturesque garments.
To these again, the fitly-spoken word was
uttered and as the Salvationists passed
through the busy market amongst the
stalls and the buyers and sellers, many
faces brightened and many other ex-
changes of greeting took place. This, he
was noted, in this beautiful yet crowded
city of the Danube, where many suicides
are reported every day and where there
are such earnest need for The Army's
efforts.

It is cheering to be reminded that at
our various Corps centres in Budapest,
there is a determined God-owned effort
made to bring hope to the hopeless and
win souls for Christ.

Garrison Principal at Fort Rouge

Brigadier and Mrs. Carter were
with us all day. In the morning Meet-
ing the Brigadier handed out the Com-
missions to the Local Officers. Cadets
Thomas and Mendum were with us
also. Mrs. Carter took the lesson, and
gave us some very helpful advice. At
the close of the Meeting five comrades
knelt at the altar.

The evening commenced with a
good Open-Air, at which a large num-
ber of Soldiers were present. The Hall
was full to its utmost capacity, and
we started what proved to be a very
good Meeting, with that fine old song,
"Oh Boundless Salvation." The Meet-
ing went with a good swing. The
Brigadier enrolled six new Senior Sol-
diers, and two Junior Soldiers. Cadets
and Meadings each spoke and gave
very helpful testimonies. The
Principal made a very definite appeal
to the unconverted, and the Meeting
resulted in a young man kneeling at
the Penitent-Form. Hallelujah!

After the Meeting, when we were
leaving the Hall, a young man, who
has been under conviction for some
weeks, and who had been faithfully
dealt with during the Meeting, at last
surrendered to the Master, and found
Salvation.—M.J.

New Officers for Kenya

A very hearty send-off took place at
Liverpool Street Station, London, Eng.,
when a party of Officers were "lau-
reved" on their way to Kenya by Com-
missioner Mappe, Intercolonial Secretary,
and a number of Officers and friends.
The farewelling party consisted of Major
and Mrs. Vint and their son; Adjutant and
Mrs. Penn and their two children; Adjutant
Elizabeth Betts and Adjutant
Annie Fairhurst.

The valedictory scene was as touching
as it was inspiring, not only to our
departing comrades, but to the friends and
even to a number of the onlookers who
assembled. Brigadier Hodgson, Under
Secretary, prayed earnestly that the out-
going missionaries might have "journey-
ing mercies" and be kept under the
shadow of God's protecting care. The
heart-moving words of the Commissioner's
charge will surely long live in the memories
of all who heard them, and when the train
started off on its journey, there was a
mist in the eyes of some who took part in
the goodbye scene.

A Pat on the Back for the Montreal I Band

The following letter was received by
Bandmaster Gooldier in connection with
the Montreal I Band's participation in
the Memorial Service to Earl Haig held
in the Christ Church Cathedral and con-
ducted by the Bishop of Montreal.

Dear Sir,
May I, as a member of the Choir of
Christ Church Cathedral, express to you
my keen appreciation, and that of all
other members to whom I have spoken,
of the wonderful rendering of "Chopin's
Funeral March" by your Band yesterday
afternoon.

The smoothness and mellow beauty of
tone of the instruments were a delight;
while the interpretation of the music, and
the instant response to your slightest
gesture, showed that perfect co-ordination
which is the dream of every conductor.

To the impressiveness of a great
Memorial Service, your contribution was
very great.

Yours faithfully,
(sgd.) S. Herbert J. Ruck.

AN INVITATION FROM THE GARRISON

Brigadier Carter asks us to say that
the special Musical and Incidental
Festival, which was announced in our
last issue to take place in the Gar-
rison Auditorium, on Monday, March
19th, is now planned for the following
evening—Tuesday, the 20th. We un-
derstand this re-arrangement has been
made so that the event shall not clash
with some interesting Meetings an-
nounced at the City Corps, viz., Lt-
Colonel McLean at the Citadel.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and AlaskaFounder William Booth
General Bramwell BoothInternational Headquarters
London, England

Territorial Commander,

Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Joy.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry including the Special Easter and Christmas issues will be mailed to any address in Canada or the U.S.A. for a year for \$2.00 prepaid. Address The Publications Secretary, 317-319 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada West by The Farmers Advocate of Winnipeg, Limited, corner Notre Dame and Langdale Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

General Order

CANDIDATES' DAY will be observed throughout the Canada West Territory on Sunday, April 1st.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

Official Gazette

(By Authority of the General)

PROMOTION:

Cadet Gertrude Bradley to be Pro-Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENT:

Ensign Edyth Peterson, from the Training Garrison to Territorial Headquarters.

Pro-Lieut. Gertrude Bradley to Kam-sack.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

"To Spend and be Spent"

IT IS the sacrificial life which has power with men and prevails. Is not that the secret of the life of Jesus?

"None of the ransomed ever knew

How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the
Lord passed through

Ere He found His sheep that was lost.;

but, that is why He found His sheep. And the New Testament goes still further back, to find in God Himself the same deep secret, "God loved the world"; yes, but not that alone; He so loved that He gave His Son; that was the manner and the measure of His love—a love whose speech was sacrifice.

And when we turn from God to men, it is still the same; this which is the token of the service of the Redeemer is the token of all redeeming service. Read again some of the words in which Paul lays bare his very self—words that are the more revealing just because there is so little that is self-conscious in them. We were well-pleased, he writes in one letter, to impart unto you, not the gospel of God only, but also our own souls. Preaching to him was not mere talking; it was the draining of his life-blood; he gave himself to those he sought to serve and save, as a mother with her own life nourishes her child.

Again he writes, I will most gladly spend and be spent for your souls. But that, as the margin of the Revised Version says, is far too tame a word. What he coveted was not simply to "spend and be spent," but to be spent out; it must be self-giving to the point of self-beggary.

Commr. and Mrs. Mapp

It is delightful to know that the Commissioner has received confirmation of our note of last week, and that Commissioner and Mrs. Mapp will be in Winnipeg on Saturday, March 31st. The Commissioner is making this call en route for the Territorial Congresses in Australia, and will be accompanied by Major Frank Taylor.

As per our special announcement, the International Secretary and Mrs. Mapp will be present at a Y.P. Delegates' Welcome and Musicale in the Citadel on Saturday, the 31st inst.; and it is hoped that travelling arrangements will permit of their being present at some part of the Y.P. Councils on the following day.

Extracts from The General's Journal

(Arranged by Lt.-Colonel H. L. Taylor)

(Continued from last week)

An Ideal Union—Tokio
Is Aroused—"Tea and
Cakes"—"My First
Sinners' Meeting in
Japan"—Wonderful
Singing—Estill Dead!

Tuesday, October 12th, 1926.—Yokohama. Some sleep, and quieter in proportion. At 10 o'clock received Count Mutsu, a very interesting and important man. Was in London when the Founder's "In Darkest England and the Way Out" was first published. Became an Army friend, but, I fear, without any spiritual relations. I said some plain words to him, and he took them happily.

Conference with Eadie and my party on arrangements, and then on the proposed legislation for controlling religions. Following this, talked with Eadie for an hour or so; many things here to rejoice over. God has helped him. *Light is coming!*

Quite sad to hear there is no mail for London till Friday. Walked an hour on the waterside—very charming and peaceful. A tranquil evening—calmed my spirit. A big Campaign lies before me!

Forty-four years ago today, F. and I were united in what has proved for me an ideal union. In her, by my Lord's goodness, I have found springs of happiness, stores of wisdom, and boundless love. How can I so thank Him as I ought? Gratitude overflows all else today!

Yamamoto handed me a sketch of my life just published—a nice little book, and should do good.

Thursday, 14th.—Took Smith to the waterside and dictated for an hour or so a short Report. Heard above the bands. The coloring is really exquisite. Cunningham joined me here, and we considered, amid the wide spaces of sea and shore, some of the problems before us.

Finished the London mail, and left Kamakura at 5 o'clock for Tokio. Station very crowded; the Stationmaster a man of evident force and ability, and very considerate.

On arriving Tokio, found Bishop Uzaki and His Excellency Mr. Hiroshi Kiratsuka, Governor of the Tokio Prefecture, and various Government officials, waiting to give me welcome. All

very warm. To car, and on to Hibiya Park through a mile of cheering, singing people, with many of them waving colored lanterns. A never-to-be-forgotten Meeting followed in a huge natural amphitheatre; five thousand people seated, many standing. Truly a marvellous sight! A stream of photographers also; happily they disturbed the audience less than they disturbed me!

Eadie and the Deputy Mayor (on behalf of Mayor Takio Iwasa, who was absent through illness) presented and

read addresses. I replied, taking fifty minutes, my first public effort in Japan, translated by Yamamoto, who did well. The attention was wonderful, especially as we had, naturally, much curiosity. Ought we to have had a Penitent-Form? Oh, the charm of the Open-Air!

What a day this has been! The force represented by the Officers and Local Officers most impressive. God is working for this nation!

To the Imperial Hotel, erected just before the earthquake, the shock of which it was almost the only structure hereabouts to withstand, being built of stone blocks only. Solid masonry everywhere; the stairs and passages mostly very narrow, but good rooms.

Friday, 15th.—Tokio. Last night looks wonderful on reflection. The Press is

Several interviews in the morning. Afternoon, to Viscount Shibusawa's mansion to meet about forty leading men of the country. All cordial; some very warm. Spoke to them for some forty-five minutes—The Army—the country—the life-power in Christ. They seemed impressed.

Then "tea and cakes"—which is quite an institution here—the company all being seated. The Viscount, a charming and striking personality, nearly 84; active, generous, and large-hearted. A Confucianist. Had received the Founder, and spoke with such warmth of admiration for him. Appears to be greatly struck by what he has heard of last night in the Park.

Evening, met Local Officers, about 400, with 300 Officers. Spoke very plainly. A good Penitent-Form; such earnest seeking, especially on the part of the men. The influence tonight was very powerful; it touches my own heart. All classes and trades represented amongst these comrades.

On all sides I find evidences of the recovery of this city from the earthquake disaster.

Sunday, 17th.—Tokio. Moderate night. Found my pulse steadier. London mail late.

At 9.15, Cunningham and Bernard, the Campaign arrangements, 10, a fine Gathering. Soldiers only. My topic—Union with God's Will. About a thousand present, of whom three hundred would be Officers. Singing very good—Eadie has given attention to this. I do not understand the criticism I have heard concerning Japanese singing. A

Officers again today. Nothing Session good. The Japanese seem alert, reflective, quiet at times, and then again overflowing with emotion—a deeply interesting study. Best of all, God is with us!

Left afternoon Session to Cunningham and Bernard, whilst Smith and I sat on with our papers. Had just got into our stride, when a cable from New York announced, "Estill died last night." It is a great shock; he had lost especially at this time. The Commissioner was a Salvation Army Ironsider; he never wavered; he loved souls—which meant for him that he loved sinners. What shall we do for him? It is the cry of the heart. What can I say to Mrs. Estill?

Evening Session a great gathering. God's claim on us, and our duty in attitude to Him, my topic. Told the salutary dear Estill; he was loved here, where he did lasting work. We had a blessed visitation from on high!

tender and deep influence overspread us, and as I concluded my address there was an overwhelming coming to God—all so earnest and serious and, as far as I can judge, sincere that one could not regret anything. Many big men were quite broken down—a truly Apocalyptic scene.

Lunch—a new salad. Tables to and from London. At 2.15 arrived to the Hall. The Prime Minister, H. E. Excellency Mr. Reijiro Wakatsuki, a very able and cordial man, and warm about us, presided. I lectured, and the important public men—Baron Saito, an eminent Minister of Finance, and Mr. Tokuomi (a member of the House of Peers) made capital speeches. Mr. T. referred to the failure of Francis Xavier here "because he did not see the Japanese—but the General is a living them." Responding to this I announced amid great applause, my intended appointment of Yamamoto as Territorial Commander.

From this Meeting to the Overflow; very hot! There were no fewer than three others, but I could not visit them! Quite a number of English at the principal Meeting, some having come from the Embassy. The U.S.A. Ambassador was also present and very cordial.

Night, my first sinners' Meeting in this land. An enormous pack, a wonderful affair from beginning to end. I spoke twice. Bernard did well, speaking twenty minutes; Cunningham also. We pushed things hard for our Master, but not too hard—and there was a real smash, with more broken hearts than either last night or this morning.

As soon as possible I went off to the Overflow. Another very good Meeting; eighty at the Mercy-Seat there.

The personal dealing with the penitents seemed excellent; the Officers appeared keen, energetic, and immensely painstaking. I noticed one or two cases in which they continued for nearly an hour with the same convicted, seeking soul. As to the singing, that has been a marked feature of the day. The men's voices wonderful. The praying, especially by Locals and Soldiers, glorious in its freedom and feeling; whilst the silence and immovableness of the crowd greatly impressed me. The Japanese are a good listener.

Tuesday, 19th.—Tokio. A better night; feeling less anxious about the Campaign. Officers today, morning and evening. Not one of my best Councils, but found the Field Officers alert and full of desire; all much stirred by Sunday's battles, and Yamamoto in high spirits.

Wednesday, 20th.—Tokio. Finished my Memorandum first thing this morning. Conference with important lawyer for 1 o'clock.

Officers again today. Nothing Session good. The Japanese seem alert, reflective, quiet at times, and then again overflowing with emotion—a deeply interesting study. Best of all, God is with us!

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(To be continued next week)

March 24, 1928

Calgary



Adjutant and Mrs. Junker
(Calgary Citadel Corps)

ONE could almost wish that the comrade who so well reported our triumphant Council weekend at Edmonton could have been with us at Calgary so that he might have caught something of the glow and glory which was all around us there during that Council. Really it seems as though it was an actual fulfilment of the scriptural prophecy, "They go from strength to strength."

The fact that the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich, and some others of us, had been in journeys off "did not seem to detract from the cordial with which they approached the Meetings. We cannot imagine there were many young people with us who were more wholeheartedly "in it" than they were. It was so evident that the Calgary Meetings were a time of real leadership and so they became seasons of great blessing.

We Come Together

36 team with, we excelled ourselves on the Saturday night. The Citadel was jammed from floor to ceiling, and at 7.45 we were well into the proceedings, which began with a triumphant entry of the Life-Savers and the Commissioner taking the salute.

Then the curtain was raised, and forty young folks sang an original welcome song, and we were well ahead with a review of all the Provinces, a review which, of course, went to prove most conclusively that Sunny Alberta is the best of all—as it is nearly always.

One pretty episode was when three of the Primary Juniors made a floral presentation to Mrs. Rich, and were rewarded by a hearty kiss from both Mrs. Rich and the Commissioner.

Lt.-Colonel Sims presented each delegation group to the audience amidst cheering; twenty from Lethbridge, eighteen from Medicine Hat; twenty from Drumheller, and comrades from Innisfail, High River, Coleman, Macleod, etc. After which a fine musical and choral programme was rendered. All this was a splendid send-off for the forward to which we were now looking forward with such expectancy. Adjutant Junker and his willing aides had done us well so far.

The Glow of the Morning

It is difficult for our reporter not to end his boisterous report so splendidly as he did. The numbers and so valiant was the spirit of those who came up for the Sunday Meetings. He tells us that



10.15 a.m.

The Young People of Alberta Send Birthday Greetings to The General

Calgary, March 11th, 1928.

The General,
International Headquarters, London.

Dear General:

The Young People of Southern Alberta gathered in Council at Calgary, under the leadership of Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Rich, join with the multitude of Soldiers and friends in all lands who love and esteem you and who wish you many happy returns of the day.

REBECCA JARRETT GOES HOME

An Echo of the "Maiden Tribute"

As we go to press we learn of the promotion to Glory of Rebecca Jarrett who, it will be remembered, was as noted with the General and the late M. W. T. Stead in their heroic efforts on behalf of endangered girlhood in the year 1885.

In an early issue we hope to refer to the career of this veteran Army comrade.

Calgary's Conquering Councils

Commissioner and Mrs. Rich conduct "The Best Yet" ...
Forty Pledges for Officership...Eighty Consecrations
for God's Service... "A Wonderful Day."



Adjutant and Mrs. Junker
(Calgary Citadel Corps)



Captain Tobin and Lieut. Danelley.
(Calgary II Corps)

nd deep influence overspread us, concluded my address there was whelming coming to God—all so and serious and, as far as I can see, many big in it not regret it. Many big in it were quite down—a truly American scene, —a new salut! tables to and on. At 2.15 a.m. to the Hall, the Minister, His Excellency Jiro Wakatsuki, a very able and man, and warm about us, presented, and two important men—Baron Saburumi (an expert of Finance) and Mr. Tskirin (a member of the House) made capital speeches. Mr. T. to the failure of Francis Xavier because he did not use the Japanese language to the General is using them! to this I announced amid applause, my intended appointment Yamanuro as Territorial Com-

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ng Session a great gathering, aim on us, and our certain salvation. Him, my topic. Told them about Estill; he was loved here, when he was working. We had a blessed in from on high!

To be continued next week

REBECCA JARRETT GOES HOME
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weather was "Albertan" until the afternoon when a blizzard got in it, appearance. But even that did not check the enthusiasm of the day. Things simply swung ahead!

The choirs singing, which went before each Session was just right in its application to the thoughts of the day, and the instrumental music also deserves a word of praise. The Band consisted of delegate-age Bandmen, so that you will see the whole setting was in harmony.

At 10.15 on Sunday morning the Hickman Hall was packed, and when Staff-Captain Merritt gave out the first song, there was a feeling of Salvation practically in the air which was more than refreshing. Adjutant Junker's lawyer helped as, and then Adjutant C. Knott's Bible reading, with our responses, took us a stage further. Colonel Sims was soon on his feet, giving voice to some of his desires and hopes for the day.

The Commissioner's address was a soul-revelation, in that it told us so plainly of his desire for us, and of God's plans for our lives, and even at that early period of the Councils, our hearts were all a-hungered. Twelve-thirty came all too soon.

Pledged to The Army

A delightful item in the afternoon Meeting was when Sergt.-Major Mundy and Candidate Bert of Lethbridge, sang a duet. Again Colonel Sims spoke—always ready with his wit and wisdom. He is— and Captain Stevenson, from Medicine Hat inspired us with her song. Followed Captain Watt and Lieut. Jirau with such experimental talks as could only do us good.

Again the Commissioner was on his feet, and speaking to us with appeal in his heart and voice, such as touched the inner springs of our souls.

The atmosphere was becoming increasingly overpowering in spiritual emotion, and gradually we found ourselves in a most wonderful period of consecration for service. One by one our young comrades were pledging themselves for a life of devotion to the claims of God and humanity, until forty of them were on their feet, and Mrs. Rich was dedicating them to their joyful calling. That was, indeed, a glorious season!

Crown Him Lord of All

Night arrived and the blizzard was upon us, cold and sweeping out of doors, but the Hall was packed—crowded to excess so that it was almost uncomfortable.

Staff-Captain Merritt has a way of his own in regard to our psalmody—he makes it a real act of worship, and Commandant Carroll led us passionately up to the Throne, so that the violent seemed about to take it by force.

Other prayers and songs influenced us, and we were ready, more than ready, to give heed to the rich counsel which was given us by Mrs. Rich, who was so welcome in our midst all day. Another great sing, one of those songs of our Army, which we alone can sing as they should

be sung, and then the Commissioner was up for the final, almost, of the day. We wish we could reproduce some of his utterances, but truth to tell, we were too busy noting their effect on the young lives before us, and also, he it said, in thanking God for their effect on our own souls!

Staff-Captain Merritt took hold, and one by one there came a procession of those who were making the great Vow. The personal pleading scenes were wonderful beyond words. We were all in it—the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich, Colonel Sims, oh, everybody. Choruses, songs of invitation, and amidst more glory than we can put into words, we made our rejoicing over eighty surrenders for the day, not counting the pledges of the afternoon.

How we did rejoice; how we did sing; and how we did all the usual variations of our Hallelujah Wind-Ups. "Fall into line, boys," "Call out The Army," and "Never let the Old Flag Fall," and last, our own triumphant item:

*Then we'll crown Him Lord of all,
Where the nations meet,
At the Saviour's feet,
We'll crown Him Lord of all.*

The General's Birthday

There was only wanting one item to make our Army joy and allegiance complete, and that was the Birthday Message of Greeting to our Young People's General; we thought of him away over the seas, with all his cares and responsibilities, and we prayed that his joys might be increased, and that our own loyal wishes might give him to feel that the Young Folks of Canada are with him heart and soul in love for God and service in The Army. God bless the General.

Monday and Monday Night

Council Monday came. It was a busy day for the Commissioner. Our excellent friend Mr. Henderson had invited him to meet a heavy of business men at luncheon and that entailed some preparation after the hard work of the Sunday.

Then in the afternoon we were rejoicing once more in the Citadel. Commandant Carroll was there, and we sought to emulate him in fervour—and couldn't. Songs and duets and testimonies in one glad rush. Our D.C. with his concertina, and the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich with their message.

The Delegates Supper was a feast in more ways than one, especially in the attitude which Mrs. Rich gave us so materially. Mrs. Adjutant Junker told us of her youthful experiences, and her joy in God in a Y.P. Day in her own native Copenhagen.

A night march through the city streets preceded the final Meeting, and we came in to find the Citadel already full with an excited crowd. The Commissioner had to leave us; he was already on route for important engagements elsewhere—in which we pray the dear Lord may give him good success—and so Mrs. Rich stepped to the front.

Lieutenants not wanting in the

persons of Lt.-Colonel Sims, the Divisional Commander, and all the other Officers who had been so energetic throughout the three days. The Band was there and the Songsters and the Young People.

Another consecration scene, and the singing of that gracious song of the Lord:

*Take my life and let it be,
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.*

And so, in the spirit of that song we brought it all to an end, determined that come what might, we would never put off the vows which we had taken in those days.

Thanks! Everybody

Words of thanks! Yes, by the hundred! Where all worked so well, and where so much was to be done, and so much was accomplished, it is difficult to find the right names and the right words. But if Adjutant and Mrs. Junker and Y.P.S.M. Lewin will pass on these expressions to all concerned, we shall not worry so much after all. Thanks, everybody.

One other word

And this is not addressed to the ordinary reader, but to those who were with us at Calgary and Edmonton; oh! yes—and at Saskatoon. Has the devil been getting at you since you've gotten away from the Meetings? Has the fight seemed harder than ever before, perhaps all the more difficult by reason of the fresh light which came to you during the wonderful Council Days?

Now, listen to one who has passed through all those experiences—don't forget it. There is power and grace enough in Jesus Christ for every ordinary day that ever came, and for every extraordinary one either. Trust in Him, keep tight hold of Him; He won't let you down.

I will place no value on anything I have or may possess except in relation to the Kingdom of Christ. If anything will advance the interests of that Kingdom, it shall be given away or kept only as by the giving or keeping of it I shall most promote the glory of Him to whom I owe all my hopes in time and eternity. May grace and strength sufficient to enable me to adhere faithfully to this resolve be imparted to me, so that, not in name only, all my interests may be identified with His cause.—Livingstone.

We Come Together

to begin with, we excelled ourselves on the Saturday night. The Citadel was jammed from floor to ceiling, and at 7.45 we were well into the proceedings, which began with a triumphant entry of the Life Savers and the Commissioner taking the salute.

Then the curtain was raised, and forty young folks sang an original welcome song, and we were well ahead with a review of all the Provinces, a review which, of course, went to prove most conclusively that Sunny Alberta is the best of all—as it is nearly always.

One pretty episode was when three of the Primary Juniors made a floral presentation to Mrs. Rich, and were rewarded by a hearty kiss from both Mrs. Rich and the Commissioner.

Lt.-Colonel Sims presented each delegation group to the audience amidst rousing cheers; twenty from Lethbridge, eighteen from Medicine Hat; twenty from Drumheller, and comrades from Innisfail, High River, Coleman, Macleod, etc. After which a fine musical and choral programme was rendered. All this was a splendid send-off for the morrow, to which we were now looking forward with such expectancy. Adjutant Junker and his willing aides had done us well so far.

The Glow of the Morning

It is difficult for our reporter not to enthuse to hollering-over point; so splendid were the numbers and so valiant was the spirit of those who came up for the Sunday Meetings. He tells us that the

Winnipeg Young People's Councils

Winnipeg Citadel, Saturday, March 31st. at 8 p.m.

COMMISSIONER and MRS. MAPP

and

DELEGATES WELCOME and MUSICALE

Garrison Auditorium, Sunday, April 1st.

10.15 a.m. Commissioner and Mrs. Mapp : 2.15 & 6.15 p.m. Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. Rich

Lieut. Lapp
(Calgary III Corps)



Captain Watt
(Calgary III Corps)

SPIRITUAL DAY AT THE GARRISON WITH THE CHIEF SECRETARY

A Spiritual Day, richly blessed in holy influences and attended by the revelation of God's will and power to many hearts, was conducted at the Training Garrison by the Chief Secretary and Mrs. Colonel Miller on Friday last. A number of Staff and Field Officers, privileged to attend, joined with the Training Staff and Cadets in partaking of the spiritual blessings.

Especially instructive and inspiring were the Bible readings carefully prepared by Mrs. Colonel Miller, Mrs. Brigadier Smith, Brigadier Park and Mrs. Staff-Captain Steele, and the solos and duets rendered by Adjutant Davies and Ensign Haynes, Adjutant and Mrs. T. Mundy, fitted well into the order of things. During the afternoon a number of Officers gave a leaf out of their experiences and these included Mrs. Captain Smith, Mrs. Captain Boyle, Adjutant Putt and Adjutant Acton.

The Chief Secretary's addresses during the various sessions were well suited to the occasion and of an elevating nature. Added to these were several hallowed seasons of prayer and communion with God.

Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Dickerson, Major Tyndall, Brigadier Smith, Mrs. Brigadier Carter, took part during the day by lining out songs or leading in prayer.

WINNIPEG CENTRAL HOLINESS MEETING

IT WAS a splendid crowd which gathered with us last Friday. The spiritual service which marked the Meeting was a rich treat in itself. Right from the first song, which was introduced by Adjutant Acton, we felt that we were in for a good time.

If we may say so, one always realises that Staff-Captain Steele does not set us down to a dry meal; that he spreads before us the rich food of the Kingdom. Some of it may be strong meat for the young ones, but many of us who have been a long time on the way, found helpful sustenance for mind and soul. The topic was "Symbols of the Holy Spirit," and many of us came away not only inspired, but a little more learned in the things of God.

But if we have a criticism to offer it is that the singing did not go as well as on some occasions; perhaps it is necessary there should be degrees of light and shade in these Meetings, so that we can sometimes improve on ourselves. Captain Reed's duty was The Army reading—exceedingly well done; Ensign Joyce's Scripture reading was a blessing in itself, and then for a period testimonies came with a rush; not testimonies which were exhortations, but just the simple outpourings of thankful hearts. It was a difficult matter to close this portion of the Meeting, so fervent were the assembled comrades.

"Breathe on me, Breath of God," was our final song and prayer, and a prayer which we believe was wonderfully answered.

Next Friday we are to have two Corps Officers as the chief speakers of the evening, and if the glorious feast of the last similar occasion is repeated, then we are in for a good time indeed. Who the Officers are has not been announced—we wish they had been.

THESE NEW CREEDS

Many a true word, says the proverb, is spoken in jest, and it is truth that fell from the smiling lips of a traveller some time ago. His clergyman was on the point of bidding him farewell, and said to him: "Maybe you'll bring a new creed back with you, but be careful if you do. You know how hard it is to get things through the customhouse nowadays." "Oh," said the departing voyager, "there'll be no difficulty about them. These new creeds never have any duties attached to them." "What? Yes, but the truth too, and it is the absence of duties from these new-fangled religions that accounts for much of their attraction.



Some of the Old Songs

(Our songs and choruses this week are taken from an old-time Army publication, "Salem Army Music, No. 1"; they are the original words to melodies which have long been associated with other, and no less helpful, words. In this resurrected form, we feel sure they will find a hearty welcome—Ed.)

WAITING AT THE WELL

Tune: "Lord, I make a full surrender"

Little thought Samaria's daughter,
On that never forgotten day,
That the tender Shepherd sought her,
As a sheep astray;
That from sin He longed to win her,
Knowing more than she could tell,
Of the wretchedness within her,
Waiting at the well.

Chorus:
Hear, oh, hear the wondrous story,
Let the winds and waters tell—
Tis the Christ, the King of Glory,
Waiting at the well.

Near the stately palm tree swaying
List'nen' shu to words of truth;
While each thought was backward
straying,

O'er her wasted youth,
Hastening homeward with desire,
All His wondrous speech to tell,
Asked she, "Is not the Messiah
Waiting at the well?"

Living waters still are flowing,
Full and free for all mankind,
Blessings sweet on all bestowing;
All a welcome find.

All the world may come and prove
Him,

Every doubt will He dispel,
When each heart shall truly love Him,
Waiting at the well.

Tune: "We never, never will give in"
For the trumpet sounds I'm ready
for to go;

For to go; for to go;
When the trumpet sounds I'm ready
for to go—

For to ride up in the chariot in the
morning.

Tune: "With the conquering Son of
God."

In the Blood of yonder Lamb,
Washed from every stain I am,
Robed in whiteness
Clad in brightness,

I am sweeping thro' the Gate.

THE SOLO OF THE WEEK

Tune: "I bring my heart to Jesus"

I left it all with Jesus
Long ago;
All my sin I brought Him
And my woes.
When by faith I saw Him
On the tree,
Heard His still small whisper
'Tis for thee—
From my heart the burden
Rolled away;
Happy day.

I leave it all with Jesus,
For He knows
How to steal the bitter
From life's woes;
How to gild the tear-drop
With His smile,
Make the desert garden
Bloom awhile;
When my weakness lengthen
On His might,
All seems bright.

ASSINIBOIA

Captain McBride and Lieutenant Rayner, on the occasion of the week-night visit of Staff-Captain Tate recently the Hall was crowded in the afternoon with an interesting audience, few of whom much knew about the Province, except the visits of the Divisional Commander. At night in the Senior Meeting, all present were blessed by the Rev. Dr. John M. McMillan's uplifting talk on "The Spirit of Christ." We are glad to see an increase in the attendance at our Meetings.—C. and G.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN

Tune: "Joy! joy in the Salvation Army"

Joy! Joy! Joy. There is joy in heaven
With the angels;
Joy! Joy! Joy for the prodigal's re-
turn.
He has come. He has come to his
father's house at last;

He was lost, he is found, and the night
of gloom is past.

Blessed hour of joy and communion
sweet,

For his heart is full and his love
complete,

His father sees him and hastens to
meet,

And bid him welcome home.

Chorus:
Joy! Joy! Joy in the courts of heaven
resounding;

Joy! Joy! Joy o'er the prodigal's
return.

Hark the song! Hark the song! 'Tis
a glad and joyful strain.

Welcome home. Welcome home. To
thy father's house again.

While his eye is dim with the fall-
ing tears,

Of repentant grief, over wasted
years,

The pardoning voice of his father
cheers,

And bids him welcome home.

Joy! Joy! Joy in the radiant fields of
glory,

Joy! Joy! Joy when a wandering soul
returns.

Let us haste, let us haste while the
morning sun is bright

Jesus calls, Jesus calls to a land of
love and light.

We will journey on till our warrior
feet

Shall be found at last on the golden
street;

Our glorious Saviour will smile to
greet

And bid us welcome home.

The Deliberations of Dorcas Domore



St. Al Styrenup Mansions,
Winnipeg.

Dear Sir:

I hope you will excuse Daniel from writing you this week, but, unfortunately, he is not at all well, and I have made him go to bed—and I hope he will stay there. It is such a nuisance having a sick man around the house.

Have you ever noticed, Mr. Editor—
but, of course you haven't, it's your wife
that has—how every man is going off to
Glory as soon as he gets a pain in his
little finger? If they only had to keep
about as the women do, then they would
have something to cry for.

But, Mr. Editor, I really believe Danny
is sick this time. He just lies in the bed-
room, and it is a wonder the people from
upstairs haven't been down to inquire—
his groans are awful. He doesn't want
to read any, when he gets to that stage
—well he is bad.

I think he overdid himself during the
Crusade, which is more can be said
about some people now. And he has
got it into his poor, dear head that his
literary efforts are not appreciated. Are
literary efforts ever appreciated? I tell
him that John Bunyan was locked up in
jail—people didn't appreciate him. But
Danny only says that John Bunyan wrote
about dreams, whereas he has to write
about facts.

Talking about facts: it is with very
much pleasure that I put on record that
Ensign Evans and Lt. Cook of Vancouver
IV have gone up ten copies. Such a nice
woman the Ensign is—she used to be
stationed near us. The Lieutenant
is nice too. And would you believe it,
Captain King of Fort William has actually
ordered five extra copies; I wonder how
he will stand the strain. But I
must be careful. Danny thinks such a
lot of Captain King.

However, every little helps, as the man
said when he put a cent into his boy's
dime savings box. Let us hope that there
will be more to cheer up my poor, dear,
sick partner.

Editorial Department

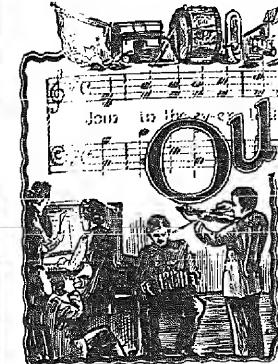
Dear Envoy Domore:

I am sorry that I have not been able
to write you earlier about your expenses,
but I regret to say that the Board has
decided that your trip to Lo Prano
cannot be charged to Editorial work. It
seems as though you will have to go
again to the D.C. I am sorry about
your books and the auto-harp, but you
really must not worry over trifles. I
glad that you got your books back at
—I've dozens lying around the room
that I've lent out, and nobody has
grace to return them. Several
have been asking me whether I have
an up-to-date photograph of you;
they say that the one we have is at
nearly impossible. Could you
me a good shot? Nothing ex-
pensive.

Yours very sincerely,
Editor.

Dear Mr. Editor: Your letter
cheered Danny a bit, but I rather
he will have to forego those exp-
enses. The worst of it is
he says I'll have to pay them out
my housekeeping, because I didn't have
to keep while he was away. Wh-
to know about that?

Yours obediently,
Mrs. Daniel Domore.
Envoy's wife.



The Woman's Last Word

MOST of my readers will recognise
this story, but there is always a
new generation growing up in our homes,
to which the oldest stories are new, and
as some of these young folk read the
"War Cry," which is more than can be
said for some of their Seniors, I pass on
this story. I am not quite sure where the
story is, but a hearty laugh is not always
out of place, or ever very harmful. The
story will lose no point because it does not
speak in dollars.

A Somerset farmer and his wife took it
in turns to attend the annual missionary
Meeting in a neighboring village—since
they could not go to the meeting while the other
stayed to look after the farm. One year
when it was the farmer's turn, he had not
prepared beforehand, as was his custom
for the collection. In a hip pocket, diffi-
cult to get at, he deposited two sovereigns
and in a side pocket, easy of access, two
shillings. He decided to give according
to the impression made upon him by the
speaker.

He Scratched his Hip-pocket

As it happened he was thrilled by what
he heard, so when the collecting box came
he searched his hip-pocket and brought out
a sovereign, which he put in the box. When he reached home and
told his wife what he had done, she grew
angry and told him he had been very
foolish. With a smart look he replied
that he had only lent the money to the
Lord, and that according to the good Book
what you lend to the Lord you will get
back a hundredfold. "Yes," she replied,
"only not in cash."

But a few days later the farmer received
the intimation through a solicitor that
a distant relative had died somewhere
in Australia and had left him a hundred
pounds. One can imagine the glee with
which he said to his wife: "You see, my
dear, the Lord is as good as His word. I
lent Him one pound and He has given
me back a hundred pounds."

"It is very well to talk like that now,"
she said, "but you did not believe it
the time you lent it." "Oh, yes, I did," he
replied. "I was, at the time, an
envoy, and elsewhere, I
had the last word, so she hit
her purse and shot—"Then what a
lot of fun we had not to put in the two pounds."

Chorus that Stuck

"Oh you must be a lover of the Lord
or you won't go to Heaven when you die,
sang the workmates on my arrival at
the morning after my conversion. They
had heard that I had got saved.

Ever sang it end of fellow
at the time the ringleader, a young
man, said, "Is it true that unless
we go to the Lord we won't go to Heaven?"
I said, "Well, and I am right, and I am
going with you tonight."

He so, and became con-
fident. When we marched into the shop to-
next morning, the old chorus was
up again, and on learning of their lead-
er's conversion, one of the men said, "
boys, we'll drop singing that, else-
we'll sing it as well!"—S.W.

Operations of
Domore1 Styremup Mansion,
Winnipeg.

excuse Daniel from
sick, but, unfortunately, and I have made him
hope he will stop there
because having a sick man

noticed, Mr. Editor—
haven't, it's your wife
man is going off to
gets a pain in his
they only had to keep
in do, then they would
try for.

I really believe Danny
He just lies in the bed
under the people from
down to enquire—
He doesn't want
the gets to that stage

id himself during the
more than can be said
I know. And he was
dear head that his
not appreciated. Are
appreciated? I tell
you, he was locked up in
appreciate him. But
John Bunyan wrote
as he has to write

it is with very
I put on record that
Cook of Vancouver
copies. Such a see
she—she used to be
T. The Lieutenant
would you believe it
William has actu
extra copies; I wonder
the strain. But I
many times such a

the helps, as the man
cent is to his boy's
set us here that there
up my pool, dear.

Editorial Department

C.

have not been able
about your expenses
that the Board has
trip to Le Prairie
Editorial work. It
will have to write

I am sorry about
auto-harp, but your
try over tries. The
books back at the
round the country
and nobody has
it. Several per
accident of course
we have about

Could you tell me
Nothing expensive
sincerely,
Editor.

Your letter
ask
is
not
my
an
to
cently,
el Domore,
Envoy's wife.



The Woman's Last Word

MOST of my readers will recognise this story, but there is always a new generation growing up in our homes to which the *oldest stories are new*, and some of these young folk read the "War Cry," which is more than can be said for some of their Seniors. I pass on this story. I am not quite sure where the musical is, but a hearty laugh is not always out of place, or even very harmful. The story will lose no point because it does not speak in dollars.

A *farmer* and his wife took it in turns to attend the annual missionary Meeting in a neighboring village—one would go to the meeting while the other stayed to look after the farm. One year, when it was the farmer's turn to go, he prepared beforehand, as was his wont, for the collection. In a hip pocket, difficult to get at, he deposited two sovereigns and in a side pocket, easy of access, two shillings. He decided to give according to the impression made upon him by the speaker.

He Searched his Hip-pocket

As it happened he was thrilled by what he heard, so when the collecting box came round he searched his hip-pocket and brought out a sovereign, which he put in the box. When he reached home and told his wife what he had done, she grew angry and told him he had been very foolish. With a smug look he replied that he had only lent the money to the Lord, and that according to the good Book, what you lend to the Lord you will get back a hundredfold. "Yes," she replied, "only not in cash."

But a few days later the farmer received the intimation through a solicitor that a distant relative had died somewhere in Australia and had left him a hundred pounds. One can imagine the glee with which he said to his wife: "You see, my dear, the Lord is as good as His word. I lent Him one pound and He has given me back a hundred pounds."

"It is very well to talk like that now," she said. "But you did not believe it at the time." "Oh, yes, I did," he assured her. In Somerset, as elsewhere, the woman was the last word, so she fired a winning shot— "Then what a fool not to put in the two pounds!"

Chorus that Stuck

"Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord; I'll go to Heaven when you die. You workmates on my arrival at the morning after my conversion, heard that I had not saved."

Every morning for nearly a month they would sing it when I arrived, but at the end of the month, the leader, a young fellow, his love for his wife, and could not be separated from her, came to me and said, "Is it true that unless we love the Lord, we won't go to Heaven?"

I answered that it was, and he then said, "I have been weighing the matter up, and you are right, and I am going to stay with you tonight."

He did so, and became converted. When the old chorus was struck up again, but on learning of their leader's conversion, one of the men said, "Say, boys, we'll drop singing that, else we'll get caught as well!" —S.W.

dictation of another individual. Thus is demonstrated the knowledge of the whole business, from A to Z, somewhat as follows:

The Officer is now giving out the first verse, and the Know-alls are nudging a neighbour enquiring what is the key of the tune, whether it starts on the full bar, and so forth. Just as the Bandmaster says "Ready!" Jones, the missing trombonist, rushes on the platform, dives under the uplifted arm of the leader, switches up his instrument, and, being ignorant of the tune, begins asking his neighbour for the desired information, thus distracting their attention at a critical moment, with sometimes sad results for the Band.

It is, however, perfectly well understood why I "pitch on the trombone section for my illustrations," juvenile indiscretions are helpful sometimes.

What with the insensitivity of those without music and Jones' diversion, the band commences in the nature of a relay race. The comrades with their music up are an easy first; then follow in rotation the others, according to the keenness of their perception of their ability or unwillingness to "knock in."

There is, of course, another side to the picture, and one in splendid contrast. Every man is on the platform and in his place at the appointed time; they come on to the platform in splendid order, and their entry is refreshing to all concerned.

If the Officer did his Duty

The number passes round quickly and quietly, but it has not already been announced in the broadcast, as it would be by the Officer did his duty, and every one prepares his music and waits attentively for the baton to come into operation.

The opening effect is grand in its precision and tone, being like the Introductory chord of a church organ. Every expression mark is studied and well rendered with all the varying tempos, especially if the Bandmaster is studying the song words of the same—producing such colouring effects as to hold the attention throughout and lift the soul heavenwards.

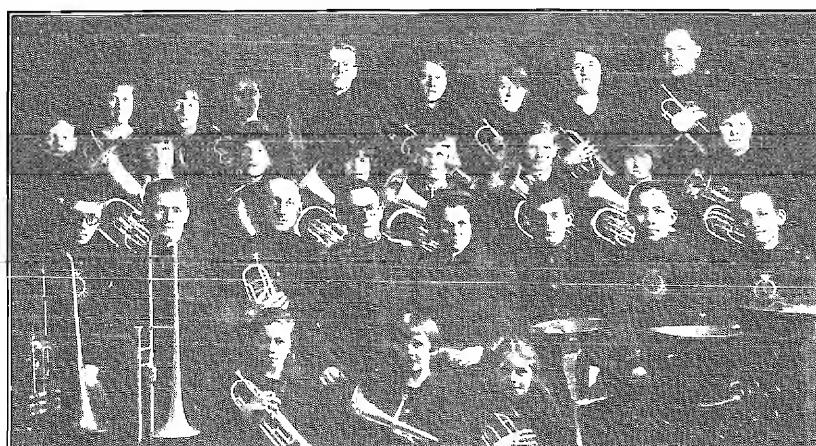
This is, indeed, a revelation of confidence and ability on the part of the

bandsmen, who revel both in the intricate or plain, with the same anxious desire and earnestness to follow the conductor's lead.

What a pleasure it is to listen to such a band. The simplest tunes are clothed with a new dignity, and become important items in soul-saving work. The effect, too, on the congregation is apparent in its earnest demeanour and soulful singing, and there is evidence of a direct spiritual influence.

Seeing we have so much at stake, would it be asking too much for Bandmasters to insist on each member of the Band being in his place to time, and making full use of his music, thus obviating all guess work, or waiting for each other, and making for the fullest efficiency in playing and in spiritual results.

And—would the band mind standing for the opening song, thus showing that they too are in an act of worship and not merely a bunch of performers?



THE ARMY BAND AT SWIFT CURRENT—Bandmaster May Captain and Mrs. Smith were the Corps Officers when the photograph was taken.

MOTHER FLORENCE

THE STORY OF A VALIANT SOUL

By the late Elizabeth Swift Brengle—brought up to date by "J."



START THE STORY HERE

Susan Nichols was the eldest child of a small family living in a village in the Eastern Counties of England. The father was a hard, cross man, who, though kindly in the extreme, was very severe. Mrs. Nichols was a Methodist, and in spite of her husband's cruel treatment strove to live up to the religious light which she had received, and to train her family accordingly. She was a widow in the age of nine and endures much hardship. Eventually, at the age of eighteen she marries Robert Florence, a young man of the village. Our readers are invited to purchase back numbers of "The War Cry" in order to become thoroughly acquainted with this fascinating story of Old Country life and the early days of the Army in Canada.

CHAPTER V

More Trouble—God is Sufficient!

"Oh Calvary, dark Calvary,
Where Jesus shed His Blood for me;
Speak to my heart from Calvary."

That was what they sang in the Army Hall in Parkdale when Susan found herself seated there the night after her daughter was saved. The little band of Soldiers sang it "with the spirit and with understanding also," and the Christ they sang about did speak to one poor, world-stained heart while the words were sounding.

The lights faded away before Susan's eyes, as a rush of holy memories swept over her, and the Christ whom she had seen and served as a child, but neglected and left as a woman, appeared again before her vision. And again the woman proved what the child had experienced, that we walk by faith and not by sight, even of a visible Lord.

Satisfied with her vision
The daily sight of their Master could not make the disciples walk like Him, but a Pentecostal blessing did; so Susan needed to have her heart purified and filled by the Holy Ghost, and it would have been done if she had only asked in faith. But she remained for the present, satisfied with her vision, and the spiritual stimulus resulting from it.

She hurried out of her class-meeting at nights, and ran to the Army Meeting, explaining the fact that she could not keep away by the statement, "Those people don't have long faces, they're always happy, and they put their foot down on the drink."

This metaphorical foot came down on Susan's mug of beer at once, and she regularly put the five cents it had formerly cost her into the collection as the Lord's due. But the desire for it was left, along with her old wish to make money, and get on in the world.

She took a little farm on the outskirts of the city—the site of which has been

"And here comes damnation," thought Susan, looking down into the creamy, fragrant, white-headed liquor.

"Bill," she said out loud, "I've not joined The Salvation Army; don't cast reflections on a blessed, God-fearing people like that."

She left the two sitting there with their porter, and went out behind an apple tree in the garden and prayed for grace. "Never no more drink for me!" she said to her friends when she came back again, and all further invitations to cool her throat were useless.

When she had gotten the grace she prayed for, Susan wanted more, and asked for it. "Lord, is there anything more You want me to give up, or do?" was her cry.

Now she saw that she was to join The Army, of which Robert (whom Susan and the children jointly termed "Dad"), and her son and daughter were already members; she had herself enrolled as a Soldier, and was henceforth known to Toronto comrades and audiences as "Mother" Florence.

Beer gone—uniform on
Beer gone and the uniform put on!

"That's a good girl! You've done enough now, you're all right!" persisted the Devil, when half out of heart was urged upon Susan by her conscience, or by faithful comrades, and she lay down, and did not yet learn that being right must lie at the back of all doing.

She fell one day, hurrying to get something for dinner, and put her knee out

the state I was in, I lay crushed too. But it was my heart."

"Let's take him to the Lord"

Someone told The Army Officers of little Sam's hurt, and that evening they walked in. The doctor had said that no one must go near the injured boy, but Susan hadn't the heart to keep the lasses out, and they went right in to where he lay.

"Let's take him to the Lord," they said: "He'll heal him."

"They knelt and prayed, and when they

"But how does it come about?" persisted the man of drugs.

"Well, doctor," began Susan, "you know you said I wasn't to let anyone in to see him, but The Salvation Army Officers came, and they never asked, but walked in, and I couldn't tell them to go out."

"Did they make a noise?" investigated the doctor.

"Well," said Susan, putting it as best she could, "they prayed."

"Prayed, Ugh!" said the doctor.

"Prayed, ugh!" said the doctor. "It might have been sudden death to him! Come here, boy, and let me see how you can run."

Little Sam made as good a show of speed as the size of the room would allow, without apparent injury resulting.

"Toppie!" said the doctor, and head over heels went the youngster. The doctor got up puzzled. "It's no skill of mine," he confessed and off he went.

Jesus used this miracle of healing now—as He did when He was on earth—to convince people of their need of being entirely made whole within, and of His power to make them so. "That ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins." And Susan Florence was so convinced.

"After God had done that for me, how could I hold back any longer?" she said. "I went out to the Penitent-Forbin, and got properly saved."

Once her soul was whole, Susan began to think about serving God more vigorously, as well as faithfully, and thereupon claimed deliverance from her crutches, with which since her accident to her knee, she had been bothered.

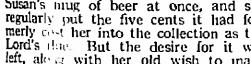
"Because," as she very quaintly used to say when she was relating this experience, "God could use me better with two legs than with one." And God answered her prayer of faith by healing her.

"You wouldn't think I'd have needed any more hard lessons, would you?" queried Mother Florence meditatively, when she was relating her story to Mrs. Brengle.

Yes, if she couldn't learn them easily. A sanctified soul is not one which is perfect in knowledge, and incapable of mistakes, but it is one which is cleansed from inborn sin, and filled with the Spirit of God; it is a soul which constantly waits on God to learn His will, and then runs to do it.

Spiritual stupidity

And God overrules all the intellectual slowness and spiritual stupidity of such an one, teaches it by its blunders, moulds it up, and after it has "suffered a while," "establishes, strengthens, settles it." When an "eagle stirs up her nest," very possibly it is hard for the soft-muscled nestlings till their wings are used to



The Easter "War Cry" - 10c

Twenty-four Pages—six in color

A two-page spread in colors depicting "The Meeting by the Lake"—a wonderful reproduction of a famous painting.

Among the articles and stories are:

"The Power of His Resurrection" by the General.

"The Question of the Ages" by the Commissioner.

"The Three Crosses" Which by Commissioner Oliphant.
"At the Cross Roads of Fate"—being some striking episodes in the life of Commissioner H. W. Map.

"Christ the Great Emancipator" by Colonel G. Miller.

"Easter in Hell" by the late Commissioner Raitton.

Music, Songs, Poems, Stories and Articles in abundance.

New Pictures and Photos, Etc., Etc.

Place your order immediately—Any Army Officer will be glad to supply you.



new work, but it is none the less necessary. And "so" the Lord leads Israel. So He led Mother Florence. She had little knowledge of the winding road by which she was to travel before she finally accomplished all His purpose for her.

(To be continued)

long since covered by industrial and commercial buildings—and in various ways turned an honest penny there. One day a couple called to see her, and she went out into the garden, hot from working in the sun, to sit down with them. One of her friends produced a bottle of porter and poured out a cool-looking glass. Susan took it; and the man remarked, "There goes Salvation."

